

## heart a' glass by cupidintern

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Established Relationship, Fluff, M/M, Rollerblades & Rollerskates, Secret Relationship, Stolen Moments, kissin n mackin n such

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things)

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Max ran over to the counter to rent her skates, meet her nerdy friends, and Billy was going to follow, until he glanced over across the actual rink.

Steve was here. He must be chaperoning. Didn't look like a chore for him though, not like it was for Billy.

Steve was laughing, the sound carrying just above the music, he was bent a little trying to pick up Robin, who had fallen mid skate. Billy knew Robin. Or knew of her. Steve would talk about her sometimes. She only made him a little jealous.

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Billy forgets why he's even *at* the roller rink for a solid ten seconds.

Which, how could he forgot the hassle it was to drive Max the full 35 minutes from Hawkins to the town over with the one and only roller rink in a fucking 100 mile radius- why was everything so far apart out here?

He fully planned to drop her off but then she'd ask him if he wanted to come in and say hi and since he was trying to be a Good Brother again and Not An Asshole he figured he probably should.

So they went into the place- one of those half rink, half arcade joints, with tacky carpet, hardly visible disco lights- seriously what was the point, it was still bright out. That tell-tale smell of cleaner and pizza grease hung in the only slightly musty air.

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"Don't laugh at me you asshole," She was saying when Billy walked a little closer. Not too close.

"You're supposed to be helping me *learn*."

"Sorry," Steve said, grin still across his face, no remorse in his voice. "I'm sorry."

He got her back on her feet, held her elbows with practiced, slender fingers. Billy should have guessed Steve would look natural as

anything on skates, even dragging a less capable partner.

Once they got going again, Steve looked like he was walking on goddamn *air*. He was wearing the most generic jeans and t-shirt in the world but he was the picture of grace, effortlessly leading Robin, stabilizing her, letting her go with a “now you’re gettin’ it” and a smile.

The shitty disco ball above them speckled his skin with flecks of light. He slid his hands in his pockets, gliding beside Robin as she picked up speed.

He was singing the song a little, to her, to himself- *Heart of Glass*.

Steve loves this song.

Billy only realized he’d been staring when Steve caught him. Smiled at him, skated over without so much as hand out to balance.

“Hey.” Steve was a little out of breath, still wearing that obscenely beautiful smile, leaning with his palms turned against the rink rail.

“Hey yourself.” Billy realized he was a good few inches shorter than Steve-with-skates-on.

“You wanna skate?” Steve asked. The music seemed like his fucking soundtrack, Billy almost said yes before he remembered he was shit at roller skating.

“Not really my thing.”

“We could play some *Ice Climber* instead if you want.” Steve said it like the question hadn’t changed, tilting his head in the direction of the arcade wall.

“You hate *Ice Climber*.”

Steve’s smile just got wider.

They had barely gotten around back of where the games were set up before Billy pushed Steve against the stupid carpeted wall to kiss him, listen to the sharp inhale Steve always gave whenever Billy

caught him pleasantly off guard. Steve's skin was warm from skating around, where Billy's was still cold from outside. Steve had one arm around Billy's shoulders for balance, one tugging on his second-left belt loop. Made Billy think he might lose his mind, listening to Steve's skates clack gently against the carpeted ground as he struggled not to slip.

"I should take these off-" Steve started, making no move to pry himself away.

"Don't," Billy breathed. "You look good in them."

They should bail before anyone wonders where they went.

Maybe they could just wait until the song was over.